PS 635
.Z9 S77
Copy 1

# TAKEN BY STORM

By S. S. G. Entertainment Co.

AUTHORS OF
"Union Depot for a Day," "Snapshots,"
"Six Sharps, One Flat," Etc.

## A Drama In Three Acts

Employing Thirteen People

ACT I—The Besieged
ACT II—The Siege
ACT III—The Surrender

CANTON, ILLINOIS
1912

Copyright, 1912, by Helen Gaylord,
Luzetta R. Sanders, Cora A. Sanders.

Any person or persons giving this play, or any part thereof, or permitting any person to give the play or any part of it, without the written consent of the authors, will be prosecuted under the new law relating to copyright in force July 1, 1909.

Copyright, 1912, by Helen Gaylord, Luzetta R. Sanders and Cora A. Sanders.

PS 635 Z9S77

THIS MANUSCRIPT IS FOR RENT, AND NOT FOR SALE, AND CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY FROM THE AUTHORS, WHOSE ADDRESS IS BELOW.

**S. S. G. ENTERTAINMENT CO.**

42 North Ave. A., Canton, Illinois.

# "Taken by Storm"

## A Drama of Three Scenes and Three Acts Employing 13 People

**ACT I.—The Besieged.**
**ACT II.—The Siege.**
**ACT III.—The Surrender.**

## Cast of Characters

| | |
|---|---|
| Patricia Fairbanks | Society girls |
| Virginia Van Houten | |
| Edwena Marshall | |
| Doris Blanchard | |
| Eloise Norton | |
| Mrs. Leander D. Mahaffey, an ultra fashionable lady | |
| Peggy Jennings | Servants |
| Bill Jennings (her husband) | |
| Jack Meredith | Society young men, camping |
| Paul Stanley | |
| Don McCune | |
| Phil Sanford | |
| Hal Morgan | |

## General Directions

Arrange stage so the principal actors are well to the front, that they may be heard. Urge the actors to speak loudly and distinctly, and to avoid turning backs to audience.

When eating, food should be well moistened by whatever drink is used, that lines may be distinctly heard.

When there is applause, or confusion of any kind, actors should wait till noise subsides. Too often the dialogue is lost, by disregarding this.

©CLD 30220

## Properties

One large trunk, one large dry goods box, six or more other boxes of different sizes, a small table, a candle in candlestick, embroidery scissors, shears, pen knife, fountain pen, folded paper containing compact, five cups, five plates, a knife, a party dress, a hatchet, box of peanut sandwiches, olives, angel food, etc., a carafe, thermos bottle, or something to hold water, tea, or lemonade, a lantern, an old curtain, five books, five note books, pencils, dresser or dressing table, six chairs, cushions, pennants, cover for table, curtains, screen, rain coat, umbrella (torn or wrong side out), dust rag, pie tins, corn or beans, large pan with heavy paper in bottom, rug, toilet articles for dresser, bedclothes in trunk.

# ACT I.

## Stage Directions

Place large trunk on end at right front, the three barrels a little back of trunk in a semi-circle. Large box occupies the center of stage, small table stands at left against wall, on which is candlestick with candle. Box marked with an X is at left front, in which is found five cups, five plates, a knife to cut cake, and a party dress.

The box marked with an L, is placed right front, between trunk and big box, and contains the sandwiches, olives, angel food, etc., and whatever drink is used.

Other boxes are put in different places on the stage, one near the door where girls enter, as Patricia stumbles over a box.

One chair is placed at back. Outside entrance at left back, window at back, if possible, and the entrance from other part of cabin, at right back.

Curtain rises showing stage in darkness. Enter Patricia, Virginia, Edwena, Doris and Eloise, Patricia in lead. All have wraps on and carry hand-bags.

Eloise—Oh, Patsy, it's so dreadfully dark. Hurry and turn on the light.

Pat—Would, if I could, honey, but I don't seem to find the button.

(Screech of owl is heard. Eloise and Doris scream).

Eloise—Mercy, girls! What was that awful noise?

Doris—Gracious, Patsy! What have you got us into?

Eloise—Patsy, why don't you turn on the light?

Pat—Well, can't you wait till I find the matches?

Eloise—Matches! What for?

Pat—(sarcastically) To serve with whipped cream. What do you usually do with matches, you goose?

Eloise—You don't need matches to light up with, do you? Why don't you press the button? It's so dark I can't see my hand before me.

Vir—Don't you know, Eloise, they don't have electric lights in the woods?

Eloise—Why don't they?

Pat—(strikes against box) O-o-oh!

(Other girls scream and catch hold of one another).

Ed—(breathlessly) What is it, Pat?

Pat—Oh, you sillies! Nothing but a box I ran into. (fumbling in hand bag). Here are the matches at last. Now for a light. (Strikes a snappy match).

Eloise—Ugh! That gave me a shock.

Pat—Too *much* electricity, eh? (Holds up match, peers around and espies candle on table). Good enough! Here's a candle. (Lights same). Come on, girls, we're all right now. (Puts candle on box in center).

(Croak of bull-frog is heard).

Eloise—(puts hands over ears). Girls, what is that dreadful sound? (Goes to Pat. and strikes an attitude). Patricia Fairbanks, how dared you bring us to such a place? It's infested with wild beasts, and bugs, and everything. I'm going back home at once.

Vir—Run right along, Eloise.

Doris—(puts arm around Eloise, and says in trembling voice) C-c-calm your-s-self, El-o-ise, c-c-calm y-your-self. L-let us b-be b-brave in the f-face of d-danger. I'm s-so g-glad I t-told M-arie, if any-th-ing hap-p-pened, she c-could h-have my d-dia-mond r-ring.

Eloise—Excuse me, Patsy, for saying it, but I think this a perfectly dreadful place. If ever I'm left such an inheritance, I don't think I'll inherit.

Pat—It *does* look rather unpromising, girls, and I did think it was going to be such a lark.

Edwena—(takes off wrap, and throws it on table). And it *is* going to be a lark.

Get busy, girls, and we'll soon have this room looking home like. If the train hadn't been so late, we could be almost straightened up by this time. (Other girls take off wraps, and put them on trunk, and on barrel next to trunk).

Eloise—But what can we ever do in this wretched light? (Her face brightens). Oh, I've got it! Let's send to the city for some gas jets.

Vir—That's a bright suggestion.

Pat—Yes, fairly dazzling. But how?

Eloise—Why telegraph.

Edwena—With the station two miles away?

Eloise—Send a messenger boy.

Doris—Oh, Eloise, you dear little goose!

Vir—It's easy to be seen, that Eloise has never tasted the joys of country life.

Edwena—(sits down in chair). Girls, I'm positively famished. I can't do one thing, till I've had something to eat.

Doris—(jumps on barrel). I'm in the same boat.

Vir—Gets on third barrel). Here, too. I could eat an elephant.

Pat—(gets handbag from which she takes folded paper and opens it). See here, my ladies fair. Before we eat, drink, or sleep, we must ratify in solemn compact, our agreement. Each one of us must sign her name to this, in black and white.

Eloise—(seats herself on box at left center, facing Pat). Read that compact again, Patsy. I've forgotten what we agreed to.

Pat—Forgotten! Eloise Norton, do you mean that?

Eloise—O-oh, I remember the gist of it. We've come here to recuperate, but —but what else?

Pat—The idea! Edwena, hold the candle, so I can see, and I will read it again. (Pat stands by box in center). "Realizing, that up to this time, ours has been a useless, butterfly existence; that we have been of no use whatever to mankind; after due deliberation, we the undersigned, do solemnly agree, to forsake the frivolities of social life, and sojourn for three months, with Patricia Fairbanks, in the cabin recently inherited by her. We further agree, that during this period, we will utterly eschew the society of gentlemen. We will not write to, speak to, nor see any young men."

Eloise—(interrupting) Oh, dear! Why didn't we wait till Lent?

Vir—Why, Eloise, that wouldn't mean any self denial whatever.

Pat—(looks up from paper) Don't interrupt, girls. Le-me-see. Where was I? Oh, yes—"We will not write to, speak to, nor see any young men. We further agree to give diligent study, devoting all our time and energy, to the solution of ethical and psychological problems. Signed and sealed this thirtieth day of September, 19—"

Eloise—(with a sigh) Three months is a long time.

Doris—But, Eloise, we couldn't thoroughly study—that is give an exhaustive study, in less than three months.

Eloise—(with another deep sigh) Oh, I suppose not.

Pat—(puts paper on box, and with fountain pen writes her name). Now, I've signed my name. Who's next? Come, Virginia.

Vir—(begins to look in handbag). Wait till I find my pencil.

Pat—Pencil nothing! You don't sign such an important document as this, with a pencil. This must be signed with ink—red ink, if we could get it.

Vir—(as she writes) There! I've made a blot. This is your self-adjusting, self-regulating, non-leakable, is it? (Doris and Eloise sign).

Eloise—(as Edwena is signing) Don't be all night, Ed. You're not half as hungry as you let on, or you'd hurry a little.

Ed.—I'm so hungry, I don't know my name.

Doris—Make your mark then—make your mark.

Ed—(as she gets through) Now that *that* weighty document is disposed of, for pity's sake, let's find something to eat. Doris, you packed the eatin's; in which box did you put them?

Doris—(thoughtfully) Let-me-see. Which one was it? Oh, now I remember. They're in the box marked with an X. (All look at boxes, Pat carrying the candle).

Pat—Here it is. Here's the X for you. But girls, how under the sun are we ever going to get the box open? Did we bring anything along that we can pry this top off with?

Eloise—(gets embroidery scissors from bag) Will these embroidery scissors do any good?

Pat—H'm! Might as well try to use a pin.

Vir—Here's my pen-knife. It's pretty strong. I'll see what I can do with this. (Sits on floor by box, and tries to pry off lid).

Ed—I have my shears. Maybe I can help with them. (Sits at other side of box and works at lid).

Doris—(sarcastically) Now, if I had a darning needle, I could help, too.

Pat—Oh, girls, what's the use in wasting your time? You never in the world can get that box open that way.

Ed—But, Pat, we've just *got* to get it open. I tell you, I'm starving to death.

Pat—Of course the box must be opened, but you can't make any impression with a pen-knife and a pair of shears. I'm going to try to find something that will do some good. (Pat looks around the room, and then goes to door at right).

Doris—Patricia Fairbanks, where are you going with that light?

Eloise—Oh, Patsy, don't leave us in the dark.

(Sound of screech owl is heard, and Doris and Eloise scream, and girls huddle together in fright).

Doris—Something awful is coming. I hear it.

Eloise—We'll be eaten alive!

Pat—(from other room) Eureka! I have found it. (Enters with old hatchet, and sees girls). Why, girls, what has happened?

Eloise—Didn't you hear that awful noise?

Pat—Heard nothing but a sceech-owl. Is that what you mean?

Doris—Screech-owl nothing! No screech-owl ever made such a noise as that.

Pat—You're not acquainted with Mr. Owl's screech, that's all. But come on, you starving creatures, let's get this box open. Here, Virginia, hold this light so I can see what I'm doing. (Vir. holds candle so audience can see what is being done).

Ed—(as Pat makes several attempts to get lid off) Oh, Patsy, do hurry.

Doris—Let me try.

Pat—No siree! I've tackled this job, and I'm going to finish it. (As she gets lid off, she flourishes hatchet). I came, I saw, I conquered. (She reaches in box and brings out a gay party dress, which she holds up so audience can see it). How under the sun——

Eloise—(interrupting) I put that there. Everything else was packed full.

Pat—But what in the world do you expect to do with such a dress out here?

Eloise—Why I didn't know but we might——

Pat—(interrupting, and shaking head) I see, Eloise, you are of the world, worldly.

Edwena—(holding up dress) Must I fill up on that?

Vir—If we were goats, we might, but we're not even kids, so let's make another draw. (Pat., Ed., and Virginia take things from box).

Pat—(handing dishes to Eloise) Here, Eloise, you can put these on that box.

Vir—Yes, make yourself useful, as well as ornamental.

Eloise—Oh, these horrid, heavy dishes! Where did you get them?

Doris—You didn't expect to use Haviland, or Royal Worcester out here, did you? (Doris and Eloise pile dishes on box in center).

Ed—(peers in box) Why, Doris, there isn't a single thing to eat in here—not a solitary bite.

Doris—(looks puzzled) There isn't? I certainly packed the eatin's in that box. (After a moment's thought) No, I didn't either. I remember now. I packed the dishes in the box marked X, and the lunch in the box marked L, so if any of our things got lost, we'd have one or the other.

Pat—Good, sound logic that, I'm sure. But what good would the dishes do, my dear, if we hadn't anything to put into them?

Doris—Well—but—

Vir—(interrupting) Never mind, Doris, your intentions were good. (Grabs up hatchet from floor, which she flourishes). Here's for the box marked with an L. (All look again for boxes).

Ed—(finds right box) Here we are. Relief for the starving garrison is in sight. Tries to drag box towards center). Here, Pat, lend me your arms, not your ears. (Ed. and Pat carry box to center by the right side of big box).

Vir—Let me at it. (In trying to pry off lid, while other girls watch, the head comes off handle of hatchet). Now we *are* in a pickle!

Pat—We're sure done for! What ever will we do?

Eloise—We'll have to send for a plumber, and I do hope he'll hurry, for I'm famishing.

Doris—We'll all die of starvation by morning, if that box can't be opened.

Ed—By morning! I'll be a "dead corpse" in two hours, if I don't get something to eat.

Peggy—(who enters street door, unseen by girls). Say!

(All of the girls jump).

Eloise—O-o-oh!

Doris—Gracious!

Ed—Mercy!

Peggy—Do you-uns want we-uns to work fur y'?

Vir—What next? Where on earth did you come from?

Pat—(takes candle and holds it so light shines on Peggy). Who in creation are you-uns and we-uns?

Peggy—W'y me an' my man, Bill. (pointing) He's out thar waitin'. He's kinder bashful, Bill is, an' wanted me to come in an' ast.

Pat—Could Bill open this box?

Peggy—(going over and looking at box) Law yes! He kin do anything. Bill kin. He's awful handy. W'y he does chores fur Jedge Leander D. Mahaffey, an' Mrs. Jedge, w'y she calls on him fur everything.

Vir—She does? Then do you suppose he'd condescend to work for us, if he chores for Jedge Leander, and Mrs. Jedge?

Peggy—(with blank look) Huh!

Pat—Who is this wonderful Judge and Mrs. Judge?

Peggy—W'y don't you know the Jedge? I 'lowed everybody knowed him. W'y he's Jedge, an' Mrs. Jedge—well, she bosses everybody.

Ed—(to girls) Evidently, our education has been neglected. (to Peggy) If your Bill can open this box, produce him, and produce him quick.

Peggy—(scratching head) Huh!

Doris—Bring on your handy man.

Peggy—Well, I'll be flabbergasted! D'you mean fur me to fetch Bill in? All right. (Goes to door). Come on in, Bill, they've got a job fur y'. (Enter Bill, a green, gawky looking man, whom Peggy takes by sleeve and pulls well towards front). This is my Bill.

Pat—(nodding) Pleased to meet you.

Doris—Delighted, I'm sure.

Pat—Will you try your hand, opening this box? How you're to do it, is more than I know, for this (holding up head of hatchet in one hand and handle in the other) is all we have to work with.

Bill—Oh, I kin soon fix that. (All watch Bill, Pat holding candle, while he puts head on handle, and gives a thump or two on the floor).

Ed—(as Bill gets one board pried off) Behold our deliverer! (Bill soon gets box open, and while girls get out eatables, he and Peggy stand and watch).

Ed—(looking into box) My! That looks good to me.

Vir—(takes out box of sandwiches, and peeps in). Peanut sandwiches! Aren't they dandy?

Doris—(as she takes out olives) And olives, too!

Ed—(holding up cake) Look at the angel food!

Eloise—Isn't there any devil's food? That's the cake for me.

Pat—Remember, Eloise, we've cut all our gentlemen friends.

Vir—Well you're a good one, if you shake him. But, Pat, where are we going to put these things?

Doris—Yes, where's our table?

Pat—(looking around) How about this box? Can't we use this tonight?

Eloise—But where's our table cloth?

Ed—Table cloths don't grow on trees.

Doris—Any old thing'll do, if we only get something to eat.

Peggy—Say, ain't they nothin' I kin do?

Pat—Not tonight, but can you come early tomorrow morning?

Peggy—I reckon. What time? About five?

Pat—Five o'clock!

Vir—The fates deliver us!

Ed—She must be joking!

Doris—We don't get up in the middle of the night.

Peggy—You-uns don't call five o'clock the middle of the night, do y'?

Pat—You may come about nine, Mrs.——

Peggy—Jennings—Peggy Jennings' my name, but jist call me Peggy.

Peggy—Come on, Bill. (Bill looks longingly at food on box).

Pat—(follows them to door, while other girls seat themselves at box, two on box that had dishes in, and two on box that had lunch in, while Ed. brings chair and places it at end of box). Goodnight. (Exit Peggy and Bill).

Ed—Hurry up Pat, do.

Eloise—Did you fasten the door?

Pat—Sure I did.

Vir—She can hardly tear herself away from Peggy and Bill.

Doris—They are attractive specimens, especially Bill.

Ed—(as Pat seats herself) That's our first encounter with the natives.

Vir—It wouldn't surprise me, if we'd encounter Indians, before we get through with it.

Eloise—Oh, you don't suppose there really are any? I never thought of that.

Pat—You'd better look out, Eloise, you might get scalped. Think of those beautiful locks of yours, adorning an Indian's belt.

Eloise—(throwing up hands) I know I'd never live through it.

Vir—(laughing) Possible, Eloise?

Eloise—(after a short pause, during which girls eat) Wish we had some lobster salad.

Ed—Lobster salad! I never had plain sandwiches taste so good to me before.

Doris—That's right. They have "food for the gods" going some. Pass the olives, please.

Eloise—(as faint sound of footsteps is heard) What's that?

Vir—I didn't hear anything. What's the matter with you tonight, Eloise?

Eloise—Listen! I knew I heard something. There it is again.

Pat—Oh, nonsense!

Doris—(as sound of approaching footsteps grows louder) I thought I heard something, too. (Voices are heard and girls look around in great fright).

Hal—(outside) Hold your lantern up here, Jack, and we'll soon see if this isn't the place.

Eloise—(in stage whisper) It's burglars, I know it's burglars. We'll all be killed. What shall we do?

Pat—(in stage whisper) Keep cool, girls, keep cool.

Doris—(with chattering teeth) Y-e-s, p-a-p-a al-ways s-a-y-s in t-i-m-e of d-an-g-er to k-e-e-p co-o-l, and I—I'm p-e-r-f-e-c-t-l-y c-o-o-l.

Hal—(outside) Yes, this is the place. I thought I wasn't mistaken.

Vir—(in stage whisper) What shall we do? We must do something. Can't we hide somewhere?

Pat—(in stage whisper) We'll get behind these barrels and the trunk. Quick, girls! (Pat gets behind trunk, and then rushes out again and blows out candle. Other girls hide behind barrels).

Paul—(trying door) Why the door is locked. Do you suppose the old chap is away from home?

Don—Somebody must be here, for I'm sure I saw a light as we came up the path.

Jack—We can't stay out here all night. We've got to get in, if we have to break the door down.

Hal—Well, we can't get it open, so here goes! Get a good hold there. All ready, boys. Let her go. (They burst open door, and half fall in. Girls shrink and shudder behind barrels, which are so placed that audience can see what girls do).

Phil—Jehoshaphat! Look at the boxes. What's going on around here?

Don—Why, he must be moving out.

Jack—(espies the coat on table, and strikes an attitude) Boys, look! Do my eyes deceive me? Can it be true? (Holds up coat). It is a woman's coat. (Doris smothers a giggle, which boys hear and look around, but see nothing).

Paul—Suppose the old fellow's been committing matrimony?

Don—That woman hater! Don't you believe it.

Phil—Bet my hat he has, and is off on his honeymoon.

Jack—Guess you've hit it, old fellow, for look here. (Points to box on which is lunch). They've gone, and have left us part of the wedding feast. Fall to.

Hal—(as he puts lantern on box) Where in the deuce did it come from?

Paul—I don't know, and I don't care. It looks good to me.

Don—The same here. We'll just take the goods the gods provide.

(Boys sit in places vacated by girls).

Phil—(bites sandwich, tastes, looks between slices) Peanut sandwiches! As sure as the world! I tell you, boys, you never found those around these diggings before.

Paul—No, if my memory serves me, it was bacon and corn bread, and then corn bread and bacon.

Don—If you didn't like my cooking, why didn't you sling the hash yourself.

Phil—Your cooking's all right, Don, only your meals don't track.

Hal—These sandwiches are good. The old fellow had an eye to business, when he married that woman.

Phil—Hope she's a widow with a daughter just like her.

Paul—You think she'd fall a victim to your manifold charms, do you?

Don—You going to keep that cake all to yourself, Meredith?

Jack—That's the last course.

Phil—Nothing coarse about angel food. Pass it along.

Hal—Yes, carve it, and give us a chance at it.

(Jack cuts cake in awkward chunks, and passes it to boys. Each takes a chunk. During the dialogue by boys, the girls pantomime, shake fists at boys, etc., when boys take different things).

Ed—(when boys are eating cake, rises from behind barrel) Our angel food!

Pat—(at the same time, jumps up from behind trunk, steps forward) How dare you!

(Phils jumps up, Jack tips back in chair and almost falls off, Don falls off of box on floor, Paul gives low whistle, and Hal puffs out cheeks as if about to explode).

*CURTAIN*

# ACT II.

*THREE WEEKS AFTER FIRST ACT.*

## Stage Directions

All boxes removed. Trunk placed at back. Table with cover on, a little to front of center. Various articles may be on table. Dresser or dressing table at left front, against wall, on which are toilet articles. A rug is on the floor, pennants are on walls, curtains are hung at window, cushions on floor, against table, trunk, etc. Screen large enough to hide behind, is placed at right front, so that audience can see what goes on behind it.

Curtain rises showing Pat. seated at left of table, Vir. at left front, Ed. at back of table, Doris at right front, and Eloise a little to left of Doris not far from table.

All of the girls have books, note books and pencils and are studying.

Vir—(after a moment's silence, looks up with a perplexed frown on face) Oh, dear! What does this mean, girls? (reads from book) "A tolerably unanimous opinion, ranges the different selves of which a man may be seized and possessed, and the consequent orders of his self-regard, in an hierarchical scale, with the bodily self at the bottom, the spiritual self at the top, and the extra corporeal, material selves, and the various social selves between." I've gone over it time and again, but I can't make a thing out of it. May be if I had a porous plaster on my brain, I could absorb it.

Eloise—Good land! No wonder you can't make anything out of such a conglomeration. I don't believe a Philadelphia lawyer could understand *that*.

Doris—It's like "The superfluity of the cream, spoils the flabibility of the tea, and renders it obnoxious to my malicious taste." You get that without a porous plaster, don't you?

Pat—Doris, stop your nonsense. Read that again, Virginia.

Doris—Just as much sense to the one as to the other, as far as I can see.

Vir—I suppose there's sense to everything in this book, and plenty of it, but to get it out, is what I'm driving at. (Reads quotation again). "A tolerably unanimous opinion, ranges the different selves of which a man may be seized and possessed, and the consequent orders of his self-regard, in an hierarchical scale, with the bodily self at the bottom, the spiritual self at the top, and the extra corporeal, material selves, and the various social selves between."

Ed—Let-me-see! I think it must mean——if the extra——what was it?

Vir—"The extra corporeal, material selves, and the various social selves."

Ed—(interrupting) Oh yes, that. Well, if the social self is in between, it's the center, and the whole thing. See?

Vir—I wonder if that is it? It sounds plausible, and maybe you have solved it.

Doris—We accept the solution. Edwena always was a good one at conundrums.

(All study for a few seconds).

Eloise—yawning) Do you know, this simple life is telling on me. I am positively growing fat.

Vir—Horrors!

Doris—The idea!

Eloise—It's a fact. (Gets up and turns around). Just look at me. When I go home, I'll have to get an entire new outfit, for I won't be able to get into any of my clothes.

Ed—My! I wonder if I'm getting corpulent. I eat everything set before me, and never stop to think what the effect may be.

Pat—You girls'll have to roll on the floor half an hour every night, before going to bed.

Eloise—(anxiously) Will that do any good?

Pat—So said by those versed in such matters. But we are wasting valuable time.

Eloise—(with deep sigh) That's right, but I do hope I'm not going to lose my figure.

Vir—You're not the mammoth fat child yet. But here's where I go digging.

(All study for a moment).

Doris—(giggling; girls raise heads and look at her) I can't help it, girls. Didn't those boys look too funny the other night?

Ed—I wish to goodness that fellow had gone clear to the floor.

Vir—He did very nearly. Thought your uncle had brought home a bride, didn't he, Pat?

Eloise—They did have intuition enough to recognize a woman's hand——

Ed—(interrupting) Woman's wraps, you mean.

Pat—Oh, you frivolous, frivolous girls!

Vir—Frivolous! You're the frivolous one. You broke the compact the very first thing. You spoke to them.

Pat—Oh, forget it!

Eloise—Impossible, when such a bunch comes our way.

Pat—At this rate, we'll never get any studying done.

Vir—Never mind, Patsy, here we go again.

(All study).

Peggy—(enters from right) If you please, Miss, one of them young fellers is out here, and wants to give you-uns some trout.

Pat—(sternly) Thank the young man, Peggy, and tell him we do not care for trout. (Girls look at each other, as much as to say, "we do though").

Ed—(as Peggy leaves room) *Don't* we?

(Girls study again, and Peggy re-enters and begins dusting).

Eloise—(scratching arm) Girls, I believe I'll have to send for Dr. Wilbur.

(Peggy stops work to listen).

Doris—Why, Eloise Norton, what ails you?

Vir—What's the matter?

Pat—Are you ill, dear?

Eloise—(still scratching) I don't know. The irritation is something awful.

Peggy—Huh! Chiggers!

Eloise—(in alarm) What do you mean, Peggy? Is it contagious?

(All of the girls move away from where they have been sitting, as if afraid of contagion).

Peggy—(going over to Eloise) Huh-uh! Not nigh as big as that. (Measuring on finger). They're teeny, weeny critters, no bigger'n a pin p'int, but they bite like p'isen. Jist go wash in salt an' water—that's all the doctor you need.

Eloise—But where do they come from, Peggy?

Peggy—W'y they're in the grass, an' the bushes air jist full of 'em.

Eloise—But how did they get on me?

Peggy—I'll be flabbergasted, if I know, but they git thar, jist th' same.

Pat—Now your mind's relieved, let's go to work again.

(Girls study, and Peggy continues dusting).

Doris—Say, Peggy, how long have you and Bill been married?

Peggy—Nigh onto four year. But law, Miss, w'at made y' ast that?

Doris—Oh, I don't know, unless it's because I'm studying psychological and ethical problems——(a pause) Now just what did he say, when he proposed?

Peggy—(much embarrassed) W'y—Miss—w'y law—now—Miss—I—I——

Ed—(interrupting) Doris, how can you? That isn't fair.

Pat—Girls, what does possess you?

(Sound of something falling in kitchen is heard. Have some one behind scenes drop several pie pans together. Girls all jump up).

Vir—What was that?

Peggy—(in alarm drops behind Virginia's chair) It's a ha'nt, I know it's a ha'nt. I allers said this cabin was ha'nted.

Ed—What shall we do?

(Sound of falling pans is again heard).

Doris—T-th-ere it i-s a-g-a-i-n.

Vir—(as Pat starts toward door) Patricia Fairbanks, what are you going to do?

Eloise—(wringing hands) Oh, Patsy, some back, come back.

Pat—I'm going to find out what all that noise means.

Ed—Well, if you go, I'm going, too. (Pat opens door cautiously,Ed. peeps over her shoulder and both look out. Ed. turns head). Mercy! It's the most horrible monster I ever saw.

Pat—(peeps out again, then shuts door) It has a nose that long. (Puts hands together, and spreads them apart about half a yard).

Ed—(as they again look out) And a tail——

Pat—(interrupting) And great long ears, and——

(Just then someone behind scenes grunts like a pig).

Peggy—(recognizing sound jumps up from behind chair) Well, I'll be flabbergasted! That ain't nothing but the Jedge's pig. It's allers gittin' out. (She rushes out, waving dust cloth frantically, and pushes herself between Pat. and Ed as she goes, and is heard shouting) Shoo! Git out o' here y' nasty varmint!

Vir—(going to window) I'm going to see what a pig looks like.

(All of the girls look out of window).

Doris—And that's a pig!

Eloise—(as they return to seats) All the same, I wouldn't want to meet up with one, on a dark night. (Girls take up books again and study).

Peggy—(enters grinning) Say, another one o' them fellers is out here, and wants to know if you-uns don't want some ducks?

Doris—Ducks!

Vir—(gives a low whistle).

Pat—Peggy, we do not care for duck. (Exit Peggy).

Eloise—Oh, Patsy!

Pat—I'm awfully sorry, Eloise, but we must be firm. You know how it will be, if we give them an inch, they'll take an ell.

Doris—Well, I've about reached the place where I'd be willing to let them take an X, Y, Z, as well.

Pat—We've had so many interruptions, I don't believe we can do any more studying today. I think I'll put on my wraps and go for the mail. Any of the rest of you want to go? (Silence). Don't all speak at once.

Ed—Not I.

Vir—I believe I'm too lazy, Patsy, my dear.

Doris—My exhaustive study has about taken my strength, so I can't go.

Pat—It would do you all good, you lazies. (Exit right).

(Eloise goes to window, sees one of the young men, who tips hat. She bows and smiles. He waves hand, and she returns salute).

Doris—Wonder what the home folks are doing.

Ed—Getting homesick, are you?

Doris—No, I'm not homesick, but was just wondering.

Vir—You're wandering, you mean.

Doris—(looking toward Eloise) What's the attraction at the window, Eloise?

Eloise—(starting) Oh, I was just looking at the clouds. I believe it's going to rain.

Ed—(as Pat enters dressed for a walk) Pat., you'd better take your raincoat and umbrella. Eloise says it looks like rain.

Pat—Maybe 'twould be a good idea. (Goes out at right, and soon returns with umbrella and raincoat. Just after she gets back, Peggy enters).

Peggy—Well, I'll be flabbergasted, Miss Patsy, if there hain't another o' them fellers out there, an' he said fur me to give you-uns his—his——

Vir—(interrupting) His compliments, Peggy?

Peggy—Yes, that's it—Com-pel-ments, an' could you-uns use some quail?

Pat—(very sternly) Peggy, we know no young men, and we do not eat quail. (Exit Peggy. Girls groan).

Pat—Too bad, girls, but there's no other way. We must stand by our principles.

Doris—I love my principles, but oh, you quail!

Pat—Remember our compact. But I'm off. Good-bye.

Vir—Fare-you-well. (Exit Pat at left).

Ed—Um-m! Girls, quail!

Doris—Patricia's a darling, and it's great fun, but do you know I'm beginning to long for the flesh pots of Egypt.

Vir—Treason! Treason in the camp!

Eloise—I don't care. I do like trout, I do like duck, I do like quail, and I simply adore young men. So there!

Vir—You'd better not let Pat hear you say anything like that.

Eloise—(runs to door at right) Peggy, Peggy, come here this minute.

Peggy—(enters hurriedly) W'at's th' matter, Miss?

Eloise—Is Bill around any place?

Peggy—W'y yes, Miss, he's right out here, mendin' th' pump.

Eloise—Send him in here quick. (Exit Peggy).

Ed—What are you up to now, Eloise?

Eloise—You'll find out in a minute.

(Enter Peggy, pulling Bill by coat sleeve).

Eloise—Bill, can you fish?

Bill—(scratching head) W'y yes, Miss, I kin fish, but I never caught nothin' yit.

Eloise—Well then, can you hunt?

Bill—Y-e-s I kin hunt. Y-e-s I kin hunt.

Eloise—But did you ever hunt?

Bill—Y-e-s, I hunted.

Eloise—Did you ever shoot anything?

Bill—Yes, Miss, I did. Least ways, I shot at it.

Doris—But, Bill, did you kill anything?

Bill—(turning to Doris) I did that. I killed Abe Brown's cow. I aimed at a crow, but hit the ol' cow. Hed to pay fifty dollars fine fur th' shot, so hain't never tried it sence.

Peggy—Better not try it ag'in, nuther.

Ed—That surely isn't anything to crow over.

Eloise—Bill, you're excused.

Bill—W'at'd y' say, Miss?

Eloise—You may go.

Bill—(bowing) Yes, Miss, thank you, Miss. I will, Miss.

Peggy—(as both exit at right) Well, I'll be flabbergasted! W'at air they drivin' at?

Vir—Your visions of brook trout, and quail on toast have gone glimmering.

Eloise—Do you know what I'm going to do, if we stay here much longer? I'm going to get a gun, and I'm going to learn to shoot, too.

Ed—Do you suppose you could aim at the cow, and kill the crow?

Peggy—(who enters gesticulating wildly) Who d'you-uns think is comin'? Mrs. Jedge Leander D. Mahaffey. She's ridin' up to the gate in her autymobeel, an' Miss Patsy ain't here.

Doris—(in pretended excitement) W-why Peggy, is t-that s-so?

Vir—What of it, Peggy? She won't eat us, will she?

Peggy—I guess not, but she's such a big bug.

Doris—She's no chigger, then, is she, Peggy?

Peggy—(as knock is heard) There she is now. What'll we do?

Vir—Never mind, Peggy, just show her in.

(Peggy opens door and admits an over dressed woman, who with rustling silk sails in, and begins talking at once, in a very affected tone).

(Peggy goes towards right, but lingers to listen, arms akimbo).

Mrs. M—(as girls rise) How do you do, young ladies? I am Mrs. Leander D. Mahaffey. Now which one of you is Miss Fairbanks?

Ed—Miss Fairbanks is out. We are very sorry.

Mrs. M—Oh, I'm so disappointed. Ever since I heard that she is a relative of the Senator, I've been wanting to call. Which one of you, is Miss Van Houten?

Vir—I'm Miss Van Houten.

Mrs. M—Are you, really? I've heard that you are related to the Van Houtens of New York. (Shakes hands). I'm charmed to meet you. (Waves hand towards other girls). And these are your friends, I suppose. (Mrs. M. seats herself, and girls resume seats). I was in Vassar with Miss Camelia Van Houten. She was so very clever. You look so much like her. (Looking at Vir. closely). Really I think I can see a strong resemblance.

Vir—You knew my aunt Camelia well, did you? I'll tell her I've met you. She's always glad to hear from her old schoolmates.

Mrs. M—(hesitating) Well—that is to say—why—not exactly *well.* I was in college only a short time, as my health failed, and we were not in the same class, but—I saw her a number of times. Let—me—see. She married a Bancroft, didn't she? I think about the same time I married the Judge. Where is she now?

Vir—Just at present they are abroad.

Mrs. M—Oh, are they? How perfectly charming! The Judge and I have so often considered going abroad, but he has so many important cases.

Doris—(aside) Chief among them is the honorable lady herself, I guess.

Mrs. M—And my social duties are so exacting. You see, I belong to the Daughters of the Revolution, the Country club, the Cycle and Saddle club, and am an honorary member of the Central Woman's club. Having to go to the city to attend these various functions, I scarcely have time to breathe. Then besides the clubs, I am chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canine Hospital and Sanitarium.

Doris—Oh, yes, that's the dog hospital, isn't it? How very interesting that must be?

Mrs. M—It is indeed. (Turns again to Vir. to whom she addresses most of her conversation). It is such an important charity. The dear little creatures appeal to one so strongly.

Ed—No doubt they do.

Mrs. M—(turning to Ed. just long enough to reply) They surely do. You've no idea how elegantly the hospital is furnished. It is thoroughly equipped down to the minutest detail.

Doris—(aside) Wonder if she doesn't mean dog-tail.

Mrs. M—Some day we will go up together, and I will show you through the building. Being Chairman of the Board gives me that privilege.

Vir—Thank you.

Mrs. M—No doubt you young ladies get pretty lonesome, don't you? There's no society here to speak of—none of our set, you know. Mrs. Leslie DeLong and Mrs. Chester Hemingway are the only ones at all possible. They will call soon, for I told them they must.

Vir—That's very kind, indeed.

Mrs. M—We've heard of your plan in coming here, and the idea is clever—very clever indeed. But you cannot bury yourselves like this. I'll not stand for it. I've arranged a week end party for you this week. I've invited some people from the city. Then there are some lovely young men camping in the neighborhood—all from the very best families. The Judge knows them, every one.

Vir—You're very thoughtful, Mrs. Mahaffey, but I fear we cannot accept.

Mrs. M—Oh, but you must. I will not take "no" for an answer. I'm not used to being denied, and I have quite set my heart on this. (Looks towards window). But how dark it is growing. A storm must be coming. I really will have to be starting for home. I will come again to see Miss Fairbanks. (All go to door). Why the storm is much nearer than I supposed. I must hasten. Good-bye.

Girls—Good-bye. (Exit Mrs. M.).

Peggy—(in an awe struck tone as she enters) Has she went?

Doris—(imitating Peggy) Yes, Peggy, she has went.

Vir—And we still live to tell the tale.

Peggy—Huh!

Doris—Yes, something about like that, Peggy.

Peggy—(goes to window) Well, I'll be flabbergasted! If she hain't got another noo autymobeel.

Vir—Peggy, I believe you have a chronic case of flabbergastritis.

Peggy—Yes, Miss, I believe I have. I've ben feelin' kinder porely lately. (Puts hand on back). Oh, I'm took this minute!

Ed—What's took you, Peggy?

Peggy—I dunno, but's w'at you-uns said. I bet I'll have to be took to the horspital.

Doris—(as Peggy hastens out) You're sure it won't be the dogspital? Mrs. Leander D. will see after you, if it is.

Ed—Well girls, we have one treat in store for us.

Eloise—Yes, that week-end party would be great.

Ed—Week-end party, nothing! That's tame, compared to going through the dog hospital with Mrs. Judge.

Vir—Yes, just think of being chaperoned by the Chairman of the Board of Directors.

Doris—I wonder if I'll ever enjoy such distinction, as to be Chairman of the Board of Directors of a dawg hospital.

(Some one behind scenes begins to have corn or beans drop into pan with heavy paper in bottom, to represent rain. By a little practice this can be made very realistic).

Eloise—Listen, girls! It's raining this minute. I do wish Patricia were home.

Bill—(as he enters) Bige Hawkins is out here, with a load of crooked necked squashes. Do you-uns want some?

Eloise—Poor little things! Are all their necks crooked?

Doris—Would we want them, if they have crooked necks?

Vir—Are they all dressed, ready for the table?

Bill—(aside) Well, I'll be jiggered! If I was as green as some folks. (Aloud) Squashes grow in gardens, an' you-uns kin make punkin pies out of 'em.

Ed—Oh, I dote on pumpkin pie. Let's take the whole load.

Bill—(with wide open eyes, and mouth) Jimini crickets! What ever'll you-uns do with 'em? Where'd you-uns put 'em at?

Ed—Oh, any old place.

Vir—(as sound of rain becomes louder) Just listen to that rain! And the wind is blowing a gale.

Eloise—(as Bill leaves) Bill, order ten pounds of green peas, and some strawberries from the man. They grow in gardens, don't they?

Bill—(as he reaches door) Uh-huh! (He goes off chuckling).

(Enter Patricia, looking very angry, with raincoat dripping wet, and umbrella much torn, or wrong side out.

Doris—(jumping up) Why you poor girl! You're soaking wet.

Pat—(not heeding Doris) Of all the contemptible, despisable, abominable things!

Ed—(rising in haste) Why Patricia Fairbanks, what's happened?

Pat—Happened! I'm humiliated—humiliated to the dust. The nerve of that horrid fellow!

Vir—(rising) What fellow? What are you talking about?

Pat—Why, as I was hurrying home through the rain, and got to the creek and was wondering how ever I was going to get across, one of those hateful young men appeared, and said "Do you wish to cross, Miss Fairbanks?"—I'd like to know how he knew my name—what did he do, but deliberately pick me up, tuck me under his arm as if I were a bundle of dry goods, and carry me across the stream. Me! Patricia Fairbanks. I will never forgive him—never!

(During this recital, other girls go off in peals of laughter).

Pat—(looks at them for a moment) Well, why don't you laugh?

Doris—(fairly convulsed) W-we-are try-ing to. Wish—I'd—had—a—kodak.

Pat—(looks from one to another, and at length seeing the funny side breaks into a laugh herself). I suppose it *was* funny.

*CURTAIN.*

# ACT III.

*JUST BEFORE GIRLS RETURN TO THE CITY.*

## Stage Directions

Chair is placed before dresser, or dressing table, the trunk is moved far enough from back wall, to allow a person to hide behind it. Table is moved a little to left center, that trunk may be well seen by audience. Two chairs near together, well to center front. Be sure to have screen high enough that boys can hide behind it. Other chairs placed in different parts of stage.

Curtain rises showing stage empty, but Eloise puts her head in door, at right, looks around, then enters arrayed in evening dress. She even looks out of window, to be sure no one is around.

Eloise—Guess the coast is clear. (Goes to dresser, and looks at herself, first on one side, and then on the other). I wonder when I'll have a chance to wear such clothes again. (Sits down in chair, takes up hand mirror and looks at hair, patting it here and there). Not so bad, when I've not had Bertha to arrange it. I'll be able to dispense with a maid, if I keep on. I suppose I'd almost have to, if——but pshaw! I'm not going to think of that seriously——that is, not yet. (Seats herself in one of the chairs center front, and acts as if at a party, with gentlemen about her) (to one at right) What did you say? (looking over shoulder) Yes, I'll take an ice, thank you. (to one at left) My fan, please. (as gentleman approaches) Is this your dance? (to those around, as she rises as if to go) Excuse me, please.

(While Eloise is thus engaged, one or two low knocks are heard, but Eloise is so taken up with herself, she apparently does not hear them).

Jack—(from window where he has been watching Eloise) You provoking little piece of humanity, come and let me in.

Eloise—(much startled) Indeed I will not.

Jack—Oh, come now! I say, Eloise, what have I done?

Eloise—Miss Norton, if you please.

Jack—But—I say—why Eloise, what is the matter?

Eloise—I have no use for a spy.

Jack—What do you mean? I'm no spy. I knocked a minute ago, and you didn't hear me, so I don't see why you need call me a spy. Come and let me in. If you knew how ravishingly sweet you look in that dress, you'd wear it all the time, and you'd be glad to be seen. Come, now, Eloise, open the door; I have something to tell you.

Eloise—Well—I—don't—know. Are you sure you've been there only a minute?

Jack—Sure thing!

Eloise—All right then. But don't let any of the girls catch you here.

Jack—Don't worry. I'd faint if they did.

Eloise—Well, I'd faint. (Eloise admits Jack, and both go well to front of stage).

Jack—(as they go forward) Don't bother your pretty head about that. I was sure every one was gone, before I ventured near. Say! That's a stunning gown.

Eloise—D'you think so? I'm glad you like it. You see, I was practicing for some private theatricals.

Jack—(nodding, but with eyes twinkling) Sure! Or why would you be togged out like that, in this neck of the woods?

Eloise—I was afraid you'd think me silly.

Jack—I think you silly? I think you're the dear——

Eloise—(raising hand warningly) Look out! You're getting on forbidden ground.

Jack—But, Eloise, this restraint you put upon a fellow, is something terrible. When are you going back to town? I give you fair warning, if you don't go soon, I'm liable to pick you up bodily, and carry you off.

Eloise—(laughing) Well you'd have your arms full. But, Jack, what was that wonderful something you said you'd tell me?

(Jack leans over and whispers to Eloise).

Eloise—(her face lighting up) Honest! Are you sure?

Jack—Sure as pizen, as Bill says. Come here to the door and you can see for yourself. (They go to the door and look out). Now, what did I tell you?

Eloise—Well of all things! But Jack, you must go now, for they're likely to come any minute. (Exit Jack at left entrance, and Eloise at right).

Vir—(enters from right) I wonder where Edwena is. I've been looking for her everywhere. I know she'd understand, and not betray me. I must tell some one. I feel like a thief. Paul says it's all right to break such a foolish promise, and I've broken mine. What will the girls think of me? (Takes diamond ring from box which may be in shirt waist pocket, or in handbag, puts it on finger, and holds up hand and admires ring, then puts it back again). I suppose I'll have to keep you hid yet awhile, but you certainly are a beauty. I must find Edwena though, and unburden my mind, or I'll go wild. (Exit right).

Edwena—(enters with Hal Morgan) Mr. Morgan, do you think it safe to come here? We're running an awful risk.

Hal—See here, Miss Marshall, what's the use of beating around the bush any longer? We're not ashamed of it, are we?

Ed—Yes, I'm ashamed that I, Edwena Marshall, have been the first to break a compact made in all good faith.

Hal—Are you sure you *are* the first? (Hal places chair to right for Ed. and takes the other chair himself).

Ed—Of course I am. The other girls wouldn't do such a thing for the world, and if any one had told me, that I would break such a promise, I'd have been very indignant. I feel guilty, every time I speak to one of them.

Hal—Look here now, you must not blame yourself so severely. I am the one to blame. You couldn't help it, that I persisted in meeting you, and talking to you.

Ed—I needn't have permitted it, and according to the compact, I ought not have done so.

Hal—Miss Marshall, I can't tell you what these walks and talks have meant to me. I have been foolish enough to build air castles—but if my attentions are distasteful to you——(turns to leave).

Ed—(interrupting) But Mr. Morgan, they're not—I mean——

Hal—(turning back) Well, just what do you mean?

Ed—(much embarrassed, hangs head, but speaks distinctly) Must I confess—that the thing that makes me feel mean and small—is that most of my walks were deliberately planned, so that I knew I'd meet you?

Hal—(face lights up, and he steps towards her) Edwena, is that so? Do you mean it? (Some one behind scenes walks to make sound of approaching footsteps).

Ed—Listen! Somebody's coming. Oh, what shall we do?

Hal—Let's stand and face the music.

Ed—Oh Harry, I can't, I never can. (Wrings hands and rushes around in great excitement). What shall we do? Get behind this screen and hide.

Hal—I don't want to hide.

Ed—(takes hold of Hal's arm) But you must. Be quick. Please Harry. (She pushes Hal behind screen, then rushes out at right).

Doris—(looking in door at right and glancing around room) There's no one here, Donald, so you may come in for a few minutes.

Don—(as they enter) Talk about your artful dodgers! I believe I could be-

come a highway robber, and dodge the best Pinkerton on the road.

Doris—(as they come to the front) That *was* a narrow escape.

Don—Yes, but it was your giggle that was to blame. I thought sure that giggle would be our undoing.

Doris—Oh, I don't know. How about the morning you spoke, when you passed Patricia and me? Goodness! But that was a close shave.

Don—(as he places one of the chairs for Doris and takes the other chair) I didn't mean to, honest I didn't, but you looked so——

Doris—(interrupting) Look out there! Don't talk politics. The first thing Pat said was "Do you know that young man?" I almost had to tell a fib.

Don—How *did* you get out of it any way? You never told me.

Doris—Oh, I suppose I turned all colors of the rainbow, but I told her I had met you once at Mrs. Mahaffey's.

Don—Say, the Honorable Mrs. Judge Leander D., has proved a blessing in disguise, hasn't she?

Doris—She isn't so worse as a chaperon. I know the girls wonder at my friendship for Mrs. Judge.

Don—That's all right. "All's fair in love and war."

Doris—We've succeeded in fooling them thus far. Won't they be surprised when they find out? (Sound of footsteps is heard). But hark! I believe I hear some one coming.

Don—Nonsense, Doris! Your imagination is quite vivid at times. I don't hear anything.

Dors—(listening) Well, I do. Where will you hide?

Don—I'm not going to hide anywhere. It's time they're finding out.

Doris—No sir-ee! Why I'd never hear the last of it. You don't know what a tease my brother Fred is. (Looks around and sees screen). You must get behind that screen and I'll skip.

Don—Botheration!

Doris—Do as I ask, Donald, for if you give me away, I'll never forgive you.

Don—But how will I ever get away?

Doris—Poor prisoner! I'll set you free, as soon as the coast is clear. So git! (Exit Doris to right, while Don goes behind screen, and finds Hal. They look at each other, then laugh and shake hands).

Vir—(enters from right followed by Paul) I tell you, Paul, this is the last time, till I meet you in my own home. It's too great a risk, and you can't imagine how I feel about having broken my promise.

Paul—A bad promise is better broken than kept.

Vir—You can *say* that, but if you knew Patricia, you'd understand better how I feel.

Paul—She's never been in love, has she?

Vir—Oh, no! And I sometimes fear she never will be. She's so strong and capable.

Paul—Deliver me from your strong minded women.

Vir—My! She isn't one bit strong minded. Why, she's one of the dearest of girls!

Paul—Then don't you worry.

Vir—But, Paul, just think! The other girls have all been so plucky, and stuck it out, and I'm the only weak one in the bunch. (Sound of steps is heard). What was that noise?

Paul—Somebody's coming, sure as guns!

Vir—(clapping hands together) We're trapped. I was afraid of it. Is there no escape?

Paul—If it will help you any, little girl, you skip, and I'll get behind that screen, and I'll manage to slip out in some way. Good-bye. (Exit Vir. at right, and Paul goes behind screen, and looks amazed when he sees other boys. Hal laughs out loud, but Don hurriedly puts hand over his mouth).

Eloise—(enters and goes to window and motions) Oh, Jack, come here a minute. (As Jack enters). I believe I have it all planned out beautifully.

Jack—Hope so. Let's have the plan.

Eloise (as they go towards front) You know Bess Taylor, don't you? She's a particular friend of mine.

Jack—What's that got to do with us?

Eloise—(as she seats herself in chair, and Jack takes other chair) Give me a chance, and I'll tell you. When I've been home three weeks——

Jack—(interrupting) Three weeks! Great Cæsar! You don't think I'm going to wait three weeks before I see you?

Eloise—Uh-huh! Guess you'll have to.

Jack—Well, I just won't.

Eloise—Please wait till I finish. When I've been home three weeks, I'll have Bess invite me over there and—(as sound of steps is heard) Mercy! I hear some one. (Eloise jumps up, looks all around room and then rushes to trunk which she throws open, and begins piling bedclothes on floor by the side of trunk). Here, Jack, climb into this trunk. Quick, and I'll run and get my work. (Jack gets into trunk, and uses a long, unsharpened pencil to keep it open by resting pencil on projection in trunk for tray. This gives plenty of air. Eloise rushes off to right).

Don—(looks over top of screen) Et, tu, Brute?

Jack—(pops up in trunk and looks all around). Huh! What!

Hal—(looks over screen) Down in front!

Jack—But I say, what in the deuce does this mean?

Paul—(as steps get nearer) Sh! Get down there. Some one's coming. We'll explain later.

Peggy—(as she and Bill enter) Come on in, Bill, they ain't a soul around, and you've worked hard enough fur one day. Set down and rest awhile.

Bill—(looking around) Air y' shure they hain't no one here?

Peggy—Yep! I seen them all goin' fur the walks they all seem to hev to take lately. (Boys behind screen, laugh silently, and pantomime).

Bill—(walks very carefully over to chairs, sits on one, and puts feet up on the other). This is shure some doin's.

Peggy—(seeing his position) Bill Jennings, don't you know no better'n to put y'r feet onto that cheer? You'll git it all scratched.

Bill—(while speaking, takes shoes off, and puts feet back on chair. He should have on brown or blue mixed socks). That's so, I might, an' I wouldn't do nothin' to damage a thing belongin' to Miss Pat, arter she's been so good to we-uns.

Peggy—(who has taken her place before the mirror, handles toilet articles, takes up small mirror and tries to look at the back of her head, as she has seen girls do). That's right! I'd work my fingers to th' bone fur her. Just think, Bill, this house is ourn to live in till they come back ag'in. Don't see but we'll be as well fixed as the Jedge. I was plum beat w'en she told we-uns.

Bill—(picks up a copy of Everybody's and begins to look at pictures). She's the right stuff. They ain't many like her. (After a pause) Gee! These actor gals is mighty purty, ain't they?

Peggy—(who has been using the powder puff freely, faces Bill) Oh, I dunno. They ain't no purtier than some other folks. You uster think I was purty.

Bill—Don't get huffy, my gal. You're hard to beat yit. (Looks up and sees Peggy's white face. He throws book on table, and rises in great haste). Jimini crickets! W'at's the matter, Peggy? Air you took ag'in?

Peggy—(tossing head) H'm!

Bill—W'y yer look's if y'd hed the ager. (Sound of some one coming).

Peggy—(rises in haste, wipes the powder from her face with apron, and begins to dust). Bill Jennings, git out o' here to onct, I hear some body comin'.

(Bill starts to run out of left entrance, as sound comes from right, but misses his shoes, and comes back).

Peggy—(in stage whisper) What y' comin' back fur?

Bill—(in stage whisper) My shoes.

Peggy—It's too late now, y' can't git out. Git behind that trunk. I'll see arter y'r shoes.

(Bill drops behind left end of trunk as Eloise enters from right, and as she goes forward, he creeps back of trunk. Peggy hurries to pick up shoes, and tries to hide them, but does not succeed).

Eloise—(looking startled when she sees Peggy) Why, Peggy, what are you doing in here with those shoes? Where are the girls?

Peggy—Don't know, Miss. You see, I was black'nin'g Bill's shoes, an'——

Eloise—(interrupting) Blacking shoes in here?

Peggy—(in confusion) W'y no, Miss, I heard a——

Eloise—(hurriedly) That's all right, Peggy. I don't think there's any one here. (Exit Peggy). I thought I never would find this work. Poor boy! Are you smothered?

Jack—Just about. Can't I get out now?

Eloise—Oh, dear! Some one's coming this minute, so you will have to wait.

(Eloise seats herself and tries to look unconcerned. Doris enters and looks furtively at screen).

Doris—(starts when she sees Eloise) You here, Eloise? Why, I've looked everywhere for you.

Eloise—Have you? I've been right here.

Doris—(looks around on floor, and glances at screen). Have you seen the last Everybody's? There's an article in it, I want to read.

Eloise—I don't think you'll find it on the floor. There it is on the table.

Doris—Oh yes, here it is. (Picks magazine up, and seats herself at right front. Eloise is at left front. Doris holds magazne upside down).

(Enter Edwena who looks frightened when she sees other girls and looks down, but towards screen).

Eloise—What is it, Edwena, have you lost anything?

Ed—Y-e-s, that is—I was looking for my scarf. I thought I'd take a little walk, but can't find it any place.

Eloise—What's that on your head?

Ed—(puts hand to head and discovers scarf) Well of all things! I must be losing my mind. (Goes to left side of chair and leans over Eloise). How's the doily progressing?

Vir—(enters cautiously and sees girls) Oh, gracious!

Ed—Why Virginia, what's the matter?

Vir—(looking at hand) Nothing much! I think I've run a splinter in my finger.

Ed—You poor child! Come here and let me see if I can get it out.

Vir—Never mind! I'd rather do it myself, thank you. (Takes a pin, and begins to pick).

Eloise—Mercy! Don't use a pin. Here, take my needle. (Hands Vir. needle).

Vir—Thank you, dear. (Doris bursts out laughing). What's so funny, Doris?

Doris—(to Vir., who stands at right of table) I was just reading a little anecdote in the magazine.

Eloise—(glancing at magazine) Do you usually read your anecdotes upside down?

Doris—(looking at book) I-I mean, I was just thinking of something.

Ed—(notices bedclothes on floor) What under the sun are those bedclothes doing on the floor? I'm sure I put them in the trunk this morning.

Eloise—I'm the guilty party, Ed. I was looking for—for—Oh yes, my copy of James' Psychology.

Doris—Looking in the trunk for your psychology! Why, Eloise Norton, you know we always keep our books on the shelf. (Eloise starts to get up).

Ed—Don't get up. I'll put them back, Eloise.

Eloise—I was going to hang them on the line. I think they need airing.

Ed—Are you going crazy, child? Didn't you help me hang them out, just this morning? (Ed starts towards trunk).

Eloise—(takes hold of her dress) Oh, Edwena, wait a minute and show me how to do this stitch, I've forgotten. (Looks for needle, gets up and shakes dress). Why, where's my needle?

Vir—Why didn't you give it to me a minute ago? I think it's a good thing we're going back home soon, for I think we're all losing our senses, and I'm "seein' things." (pointing to trunk). I could almost swear that I saw the lid of that trunk move just now.

Doris—Goodness! Virginia, you're spooky.

Eloise—Say, girls, did you—did you try—I mean, do you remember——

Doris—(interrupting) My memory's good, but I'll be blest, if I can recall *that.*

Eloise—I was going to say——what I started to say is——

Vir—Well, out with it.

Ed—(who has been looking at trunk) Virginia, I believe you're right. I think *I* saw that trunk lid move, too.

Eloise—Nonsense! You didn't see anything of the kind. Doris hand me the magazine you had. There's the cutest story in it, and I want to read it to you girls.

Ed—You needn't mind, Eloise. I do not feel equal to a story.

Eloise—But it's so cute, and it's short.

Doris—(rising) Girls, your eyes didn't deceive you. The lid of that trunk *did* move. I saw it very plainly. It's a regular Jack in the box.

(Jack throws back lid of trunk, and stands up. All of the girls, but Eloise, scream).

Jack—Yes'm, it is. At least, I'm Jack, and I'm certainly in a box.

Eloise—(throwing up hands) Oh, Jack! If you haven't opened your month and put your foot in it.

(Young men come from behind screen, Jack steps out of trunk and goes to side of Eloise).

Don—There are others.

Eloise—(as she and Jack cross to right front where others are grouped). Were all you boys behind that screen?

Hal—We plead guilty.

(Bill jumps up from behind trunk, and gawks. Peggy slips in from right, and tries to pull Bill from stage, but she, too, gets interested, and both stand and watch, openmouthed).

Paul—(turning to Vir) The jig's up Virginia. You see, we're not the only guilty ones.

Eloise—(to Vir.) You, Virginia?

Vir—And you, Edwena?

Ed—And Doris, too!

Vir—(to Edwena) How did you ever manage it?

Ed—How did *you* manage?

Eloise—Well, for my part, I'm glad it's out. I never kept a secret so long in my life before.

Doris—I find lots of things better in theory than in practice.

Vir—Oh, Girls, how will we ever face Pat?

Hal—There's one thing, we're all in the same boat. You know misery—or it's joy this time—loves company.

Ed—Yes, we're all in it alike, and that's some comfort. But I don't know how we ever can explain to Pat.

Paul—Is your Pat such an ogress? She won't eat you, will she?

Vir—Pat's all right, but you don't realize what this will mean to her. We every one pledged our word. She trusted us, and we've every one failed her.

Eloise—Suppose we don't say a word to her till we get home.

Doris—Say we don't.

Ed—Well, I'll never feel right till she knows.

Vir—The only thing to do, is to make a clean breast of it. (Door opens and Pat and Phil enter. As Pat speaks, Eloise and Jack turn and look. Eloise raises hands as she and Jack fall back to left front, giving audience full view of Pat and Phil).

Pat—(with head down) Girls, I've a confes——

Girls—(altogether) Pat!!!

*CURTAIN.*

PRESS OF MOORE & SON, WYOMING, ILL.

JUN 25 1912

0 017 401 459 0

# LIST OF OTHER PLAYS

(All Copyrighted)

**BY SAME AUTHORS**

## UNION DEPOT FOR A DAY

A comedy of one scene and one act, employing about fifty people.

## SNAPSHOTS

A two-act comedy, representing incidents and happenings in a photographer's studio, employing about fifty people.

## SIX SHARPS, ONE FLAT

A comedy of one scene and four acts, employing about nine women and six men.

## THE NEWRICH RECEPTION

A comedy of one scene and two acts, employing about thirty-seven people.

## THE GAYRUSANS' LEGACY

A drama in three acts, setting forth the sayings and doings of the Gayrusans and their friends, employing about twenty-four people.

ACT I—Scene, kitchen in city's poorer district.
ACT II—Scene, the "parly" on the "avynoo."
ACT III—Scene, same as in Act I.

## THE POKEYVILLE RALLY

A drama of one or two acts, which ever may be desired. One scene, the office of a country hotel; employing about fifty people.